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# A Household Bereft

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## A HOUSEHOLD BEREFT.

Our community was stricken with sorrow last Monday evening, by the announcement, that Mrs. S. A. Hardy, consort of M. W. G. M., W. H. Hardy was dead. Her death was not unexpected by her friends, as she had been dangerously ill for several days of congestive fever; but on Monday morning she seemed to revive, and hopes were entertained that she might possibly recover. How prone we are, on such mournful occasions, to grasp at every flitting shadow, to encourage hope. How strange and inscrutable the dispensation of Providence, thus to take from her sphere of usefulness one so loved and esteemed. One, who had so much to live for. One, around whose heart six tender little life plants were affectionately entwined, and upon whose bosom the manly head of a devoted husband had ever found respite from his troubles and consolation in his afflictions. But God is good. In the death of the lamented wife and devoted mother, to whose memory these lines would fain do tribute, we have a beautiful and glorious illustration of his goodness, in giving to mortals the consoling truths of the christian religion. Mrs. Hardy had lived a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and died the most triumphant death it has ever been our lot to witness. Calmly and composedly, she talked of, and gave directions concerning her worldly affairs, bade adieu to her weeping family and friends, expressing a willingness, yea, anxiety to go and be at rest. By the eye of faith she seemed to look beyond the cold Jordan of death, to that rest which remaineth to the faithful in the glorious Paradise of God. While we mourn her departure from earth, we have the consoling assurance from her dying lips, that the future was bright and joyous to her, and that there is a vitality and truth in the religion of Jesus Christ. No pang, no anguish, no fear for the consequences of the change, she fell quietly and peacefully asleep in the arms of Jesus, to await in the land of his promise, the advent of that happy day, when her spirit, reunited with the dust of her body, shall be summoned to receive its final plaudit, and be assigned an everlasting home in the blissful realms of eternal happiness.

To the afflicted husband, bowed down with grief, for his irreparable loss, and to the weeping little ones, who know not the loss they have sustained, we tender, not formally, but sincerely, our heartfelt and abiding sympathy.

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

DUET. XXXVII: 6.

By Nebo's lovely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
And no man dug that sepulchre;  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling  
Or saw the train go forth.  
As noiseless as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

As noiseless as the spring time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
In silence down the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-Peor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie,  
Looked on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion, stalking,  
Still shrins that hallowed spot:  
For beast and birds have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell of battles won,  
And after him lead the masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
They lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minister transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, the organ rings,  
Along the emblazoned walls.

He was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word,  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truth half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And hath he not high honor?  
The hill side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall?  
And the rocking pines, like tossing plumes  
O'er his tier to wave!  
And God's own hand, in that lovely land,  
To lay him in his grave.

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoined clay  
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—  
Before the judgment day.  
And stand with glory wrapped around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O, dark Beth-Peor's hill!  
Speak to the curious heart of ours  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace—  
Ways that He cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him him He loved so well.

## HOME.

I.

Like a beautiful isle, that doth peacefully smile,  
Undisturbed, 'mid the wild billows' foam,  
In the ocean life 'mid its cares and its strife  
Is the dear little heaven of home.  
How serene is the air, and the blossoms how fair,  
Is this bright little Eden of mine;  
Oh, the joys of the hearth are the purest of earth,  
And its light seemeth almost divine.

II.

Far more precious than gold, by the miserly told,  
Far more precious than pearls from the sea,  
Are the dear hearts that beat, in this blissful retreat  
With the love that they cherish for me:  
All the cares of the day quickly vanish away,  
When the dear arms entwine, and the lovely eyes  
shine.

III.

Like the ripple of brooks in the green forest nooks,  
When the storms of winter are o'er,  
Is the music so sweet of the dear little feet,  
As they patter along on the floor;  
Then when cometh the night, in their raiment so  
white,

The sweet cherubs bow down at my knee;  
And the angels above view my Eden of love,  
And alight with a blessing for me.

IV.

Blessed spot in the sand of this lone desert land,  
Where the water-springs dance to my sight!  
Blessed sheltering rock from the fierce tempest  
shock!  
Brightest star of the long weary night!  
I will sing of thy charms till the death angel's arms  
Shall reach out from the gloom of the grave;  
And I go to my rest with the loved and the blest,  
In the beautiful home o'er the wave.